

THE BLACK ISLAND





































Heilo?...Yes...Interpol?...Yes sir, Thompson, with a p, as in psychology....From Scotland Yard?...Eastdown? Last night?...Yes sir, I understand. We'll leave at once.











Eastdown...
If only... It can't be helped, I simply must go. Never mind doctor's orders!















































It's true. Everything points to my guilt. And the guard can swear I was trying to get away. Very neatly planned. But why? And by whom?





































Let me see. A young man, you say. That'd be him 1 saw, with a little white dog. Going like the wind, he was. Hid himself among those trees, over there.





























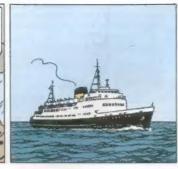
proving his





Don't let him see us. We can't do anything here on the boat.





Let's see. We reach
Dover in an hour's time.
A train from there will
get me to Littlegate
at ten past five.
Then I'll take a taxi
to Eastdown from
Littlegate station.





































































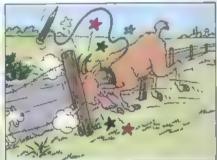


















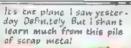




















Tuere isn't a dog in the world like him the can smell out a crook a m le y away.









Here we go! He's







Aren t you ashamed, wasting our t me bone-hunting Hare give it to me.





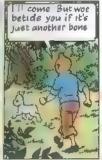














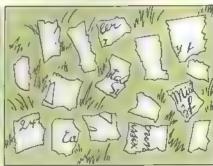




Aha! Look there! Some scraps of paper, Something's been torn up. Perhaps this will give us a lead.

















































































but after eight hours of special treatment, they are un kely to recover txcuse we inust make a telephone iail then I shall be entire. If at your service



Hello, Horncliffe?. I have a young patient for you...
highly...er...dangerous. He will require treatment a burn:
B You understand?
Ing log?
Good!



















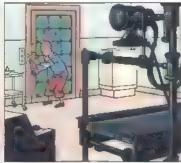






















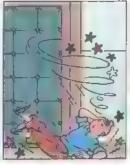














































































































A pity I digive a lot to know ... why were they so anxious to get rid of me? Never mind Fernaps I'll find a clue at the nouse, to put me on their track again. The fire can't have destroyed everything .













I shan't find anything useful here ...

























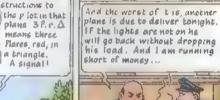




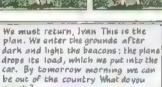








. Meanwhile









Someone else swarting for the plane!

If they drop the load now we are
f nished!.. We have got to stop them.
We must put out those lights. Here,
help me to cut the wires.



















































































Im an diot! When they















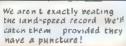










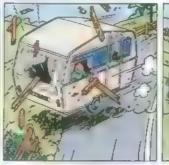


















On well, there's no nope of catching them now

























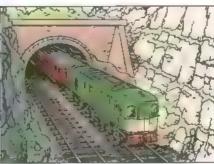






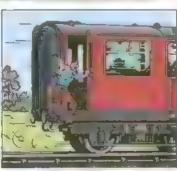


















































































It's the one they hijacked Miller must have abandoned it. But where did they go? The driver may give me a lead





A couple of thugs. . climbed nto the cab .. made us drive on then ordered me to stop. One of on got behind us, clobbered me with a spanner. . I went out like a light Didn't see which way they went...



That's all right, My dog will pick up their trail in a flash Snowy







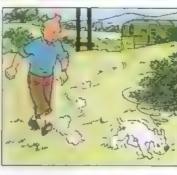


































































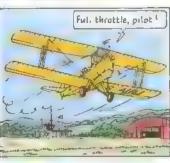
























































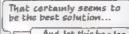














Our friend has suggested that we spend the night here It's net-



Next morning

The dense fog that branketed the British Isles during the might caused a number of accidents



OFF the Scottish

G-AREL ... The plane we followed: the same registration... Well, that puts paid to that. They're dead. poor devils



It s no above fifteen miles tas Kiltoch. But mind ye keep tae the path thra the glan.











































Why not, ye say?...Ha' Ha! Ha! A'body can see you're no frac these parts, laddie, else ye'd ken for why they'll no be seen agen. Have ye no haird tello'THE BEAST?



The beast?
... What
beast?
The Lock
Ness
Monster?

Haud yer whisht, laddie, A'm speirin' o' the beast that bides on the Black Island, i' the ruins o' the castle o' Craig Ohu!
The critter's for devourin' ev'ry maun that's sae bold as to gang ... neer the place.

I mind.. it'll be three months back, two young laddies were for explorin' the island, for a our murds o' warnin'. They went off in a wee boat Dead calm it was not a breath o' wund... And d'ye ken, they were nivver hard of agen!... And it'll be last yeer, a kiltoch fisherman wan shed w.

A dreich mist there was that day... Puir MacGregor! 'Tis sure he ran aground on the island... and he's nae been seen sunce! And twa yeers back...och, but there's nae end to the tales o' them that's gone, puir sauls.



Och! 'Tie a terrible beast' ... There's times in the nicht, when the wund's frae the sea, ye can neerst... Whicht! Dye heer?

THUMP





Will you take
The Black Island
for why are ye wantin
to the Black
Island
Island
Are ye wearled
Island
Island

Whit's that 'Tan ye toe the Black Island ?... No for a' the bawbees i' the murid! A'm no for desin' yet, laddie!





Ahoy there! Will you let we hire | Aye laddie, your boat? but d'ye ken work the out board motor?



The Black Island? Nae fear! Ye'll no come back agen and ma boat'll be lost!













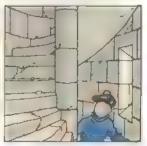




























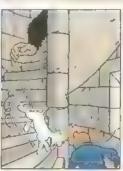


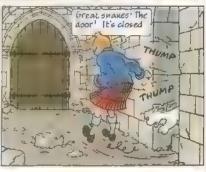
























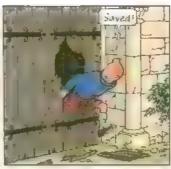










































































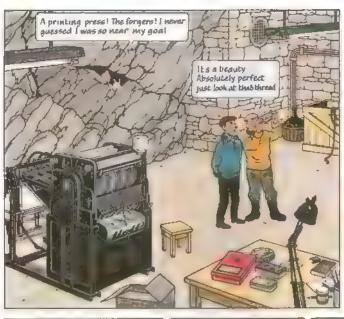






























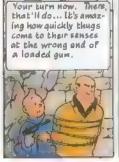




That's enough horseplay There's a coil of rope over there You, puse-in-boots, bring it here and the up your Friend with the whiskers. And make a good job of it!







A loaded gun??...Of all the stupid clods! I've just remembered: there's no ammunition in my pistol!

Great enakes! Ha's right. It's Completely empty!





Maybe But there's more than one way of using an automatic...[*], demonstrate !



Golly, that's



Quick! An ink roter One of tupse will be more effective than an empty gun

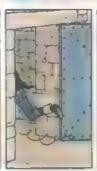






This is Tintin's handiwork, and no mostake! The schwein-hund made off when he heard us coming. Ge and ... Pr Muller warn the boss ... And ... and his hurry!





















































































Good heavens' What a stroke of luck: a list of all their contacts' Czechoslovakia, Germany, France, Holland, Austria, ...All over the place... What a catch for the police'



And here comes another competitor. Number number, Hallo, he doesn't seem to be listed on the official programme. But what does that matter?...He's really terrific! Just look at that! He must have herves of stee!



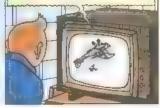








Now he's heading for the ground again ... and into another Plawless loop hygoes, then ... Good heavens! one of the passengers has slipped out of his seat. This is terrible!

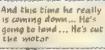














and does one last hair raising somersault before it lames to rest in the centre of the field















It's that secret transmitter.. The one we've been hunting for the past three months.

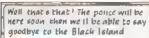


Tintin calling the police Tintin calling Imon the Black Island off Niltocn I ve rounded up a gang of forgers and um holding them here. Canyou sand a squad to pick them up 1000-1



Police control Police con trol Message received and understood We will send relpationce Good ick Lintin Well keep in touch with you . Over and out









Now were for it! The other will all be loose as well. we shall have the whole gang after us.







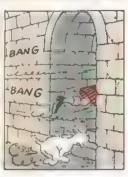
















Police control Police control calling Tintin We are coming to your assistance...A pohice launch is head ing for the Black Island at Full speed Two detectives are with the officers on board...End of message... Over to you Tintin Tintin are you recolumn me "Come in pleade."

























I'm going to fetch Ranko At . Bast he wont be put off by a few stones. .





















































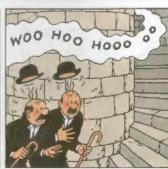
























It was this poor old chap howling. He broke his arm falling down the tower staircase, just before you arrived. We're the bast of friends, now.









Aye, sire, ye can pu'it in your newepapers that they blackguards'd nivver've been ta'en but fer me. A'says tae yon wee laddie, a'says, "Awa' wi'ye. There's somethin' gey queer afoot on yon Black Island, "a'says. "And whit aboot yon beast?" says he. "A muckle o'lies," a'says. "Ye'll nae be findin' a beast, was muir than in this bar. That's whit a'telle kin... and he's wand









The Baily Repor



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THEN DOY SCOTCH WHISKY

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Young Reporter Hero of Black Island Drama

NO. 11.412

Full story page five

Police Swoop on International

Gang ENGLUSIVE PICTURES

PORGED notes so perfect even bank cashiers are fooled-

At Kiltoch, handcuffed gang leaders are escorted to waiting Black Maria.

A sea dash by police ended in five arrests. Seen with hero reporter Tintin and hero reporter Thain and Hon-hearted dog Snowy, from left Constables E. McGregor, T. W. Stewart, B. Robertson, A. MacLeod.

Black Island Beast Ranko says goodbye to rescuer Tintin in a Glasgow zoo. Once trained to kill intruders at gang hideout, the





Cross into nura F for HDHO

Next morning.

V e

y

10

n. 334 or or

ne

ding

ler a WAB

> You aren't coming back with me byair?



By air?... No thank

you...To be precise:

we don't find the







